

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1912

NUMBER 13

The New Year.

Behold, I make all things new.

—REV. xxi. 5.

Thy mercies are new every morning.
Great is thy faithfulness.—LAM. iii. 23.

"Behold,"—in vision said
The Voice to John on Patmos,—
"I make all things new!"

Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee,—
New love, new thought, new service, too,
For him who daily maketh thy life new.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER,
in "The New Year."

Hope.

The picture on this page is a figure of hope, which is one section of a beautiful stained-glass window designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is in New College (which is really a very old college) in Oxford, England. The lovely figure, on tip-toe, looking and reaching upward, suggests that spirit in the human heart which "hopeth all things." She might be walking through the muddy streets, but she would be looking at the blue sky and fleecy clouds. If rough stones were beneath her feet, and darkness all around, she would be looking for a gleam of light and expecting something better. Is not that what the child of God should try to be? one who knows that there is toil and sorrow in the world, but who looks for the good and hopes for the best.

May we walk into the New Year with hearts filled with hope. For one who hopeth all things reaches up toward the future good, and so has strength, God-given, to endure all things.

What the Winter Brings.

What does the winter bring?
Berries red on the holly spray,
Gems of ice in the clear, cold day,
That gleam on the tall fir trees;
Over the world with its leaden skies,
Dainty snow like a blessing lies,
But it bringeth more than these.
Time for the busy hands to rest,
For the cosy seats in the dear home nest,
With blazing logs piled high.
Happy hearts for the Christmas cheer
And no regrets for the parting year
As you bid its hours good-bye.

MARY R. CORLEY.



HOPE—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The New Year Resolutions.

"Am I going to make New Year resolutions? Well, I guess not," said Leonard Hamilton, with emphasis, answering his sister's question from the arm of the big easy-chair, where he sat swinging his feet. "What's the use? You can't keep them."

"Yes, but," said his golden-haired twin, doubtfully, "somehow it always seems more respectable to make some. Else, what's New Year's Day good for anyway? Sylvia, tell us honest now, you always make them, don't you?" Now the twins had a high opinion of their Sister Sylvia, two years older than themselves, and they liked to do things she did, provided the things happened to be something they liked to do, or, to put it as Leonard did once, they always liked to like to do the things Sylvia did.

"No, twinnies," began Sylvia, in her elder sisterly manner. "I may as well tell you frankly that I have almost resolved not to make any resolutions. I've made them for years and years and years, and they simply will not stay put."

"O Sister Sylvia," began Bobby, reproachfully, in attempted protest; but Sylvia was warming up to her subject, and went on eloquently without heeding. Bobby was the youngest of the family, and was used to listening, when he wished to talk himself.

"No, sir, it's no use. Didn't I make a string last year as long as your arm, and how did they work? Now listen! My first was a desperate resolve not to slam the doors. While I was writing the second resolution, Aunt Hannah called me; and I rushed upstairs and, if you please, Aunt Hannah's door—of all the doors in the house, *Aunt Hannah's*,"—and here Sylvia was truly impressive,—"went slam-bang behind me, actually before the ink was dry. Then my second resolve was not to speak cross to Aunt Hannah, no matter what she might say; but, when she said that slamming doors must run in mother's family, because she was sure that none of father's relatives ever had that lamentable failing, I was so mad I cried, and told her father wouldn't say such things about mother's family, no matter what they did, and that I never heard mother slam a door in her life. So, you see, I smashed the second resolution before I had finished writing it."

"Oh, please, please, Sister Sylvia, let's make resolutions," broke in Bobby, seizing the moment when Sylvia paused for breath. "I never made any in my life. I can't remember a single thing" (Bobby never slighted his th's unless he was a bit excited). "I did last year, and I want to write them down and everything."

"So you shall, sweetheart," replied Sylvia, kindly. "Perhaps it might go better if we didn't make so many."

"Let's make one resolution apiece," proposed Laura, who also liked to live up to her holidays, and felt that New Year's Day

would be wasted with no special observance of its time-honored duty.

"All right," said Sylvia, briskly. "We'll each make one, and see who will keep it the longest."

"Let's make it a game," amended Leonard. "Let's write down the resolution and not tell what it is, and give the papers to mother and have her give a prize."

This was rather confused, but everybody understood, and it was agreed that each one should write a good resolution, place it in an envelope and seal it, and then leave it in the care of Mrs. Hamilton, who should award a prize to the one who kept the resolve most faithfully. Laura began immediately to talk about the New Year Good Resolution Club, and Leonard nominated Sylvia for president of it. Bobby felt greatly honored to belong to a club with a president, and immediately began to rack his brains to choose from the many resolutions he might make the one that most needed the making.

"Be honest now, children," warned the president. "We shall all know, when the resolutions are read, whether we have been fair about it or not. It must be a resolution about something we have just *got* to do right before we are grown up, don't you know?"

On New Year's morning the little slips of paper, carefully folded, were given into their mother's charge, and each agreed on honor to tell just as soon as one should be broken.

"Aren't you rather hopeless over it?" asked their mother. "Each of you seems prepared for defeat rather than victory."

"Oh, I'm going to keep mine, mother, sure," vowed Bobby.

"See here, then, Bobby Hamilton, it must be something easy," declared Laura, jealously.

"No it isn't, honest, Laura," returned Bobby. "It's the very hardest thing I could think of."

Such goodness as reigned in the Hamilton household for two days after that! No one knew exactly what the good resolutions were, but they seemed somehow to have oiled the machinery for the entire family. But on the third day, just before Bobby's bedtime, Laura called the N. Y. G. R. C. upstairs to hear the first confession.

"Yes, I'm the first one," announced Laura, bravely. "You know I promised Aunt Hannah I would dust her bookcase and mantel and desk every single morning, because she doesn't like to have Betty touch her things, and she knows I'm careful. My resolution was that I'd do it thoroughly every morning. Well, yesterday Harriet Morse called for me before I was through, and so I just blew off the dust, and wiped round a little. Then this morning I forgot all about it, and this noon Miss Lester was there, and they moved some of the things on the bookcase, and there were rims of dust right round them; and so Aunt Hannah told mother that she would rather have Betty dust her room after this, even if she does break one thing in six. So I'm out of it, and I don't much care either," she added comfortably. "I tried it, anyhow; but, I knew I couldn't keep it."

"Never mind," said Sylvia, consolingly. "Though I wish it had lasted just a little longer."

The very next day, however, Sylvia herself and Leonard both fell victims to temptation, and one meeting served for both confessions. Sylvia had resolved that she would do at least half an hour's practising every day, no matter what happened, and she knew that, if she did, the half-hour was likely

to be an hour without any trouble. But the day after her favorite cousin had stayed over night with her was certainly not a favorable one for practising before school, and, when her aunt proposed to take both the girls to the matinee in the afternoon, she was too excited to make use of the hour before luncheon or the half-hour after, and, when the matinee was over, she did not feel like going to the piano, and after dinner she was too tired. So it was not until she was undressing for bed that she remembered she had not only neglected her practising, but broken her New Year resolution as well.

Leonard's resolution was truly a needed one. He had resolved not to lose his temper. He did not like to be beaten at games, he objected to open criticism, and he hated to be teased. Now, when all three of these disagreeable things happened to him at once, it was too much. He lost the game of hockey for his side, his friends criticised him, and his opponents ridiculed him, or he thought they did. Mad? Yes, I am afraid he was. He threw his resolution to the winds, which seemed particularly ill-tempered themselves that afternoon, and he said some very angry words; and, if he had been only a few years younger, he would have liked to stamp and howl. Of course, he was ashamed of himself afterward, and he owned as much frankly when he told about it later at the N. Y. G. R. C.

Bobby was left alone in his glory of fidelity, and Sylvia proposed that he should have the prize at once. His mother, however, chose to wait.

"Don't you see, children," she said, "Bobby deserves a better prize if he keeps his resolution a month, provided it is really something worth doing, than if he keeps it only a week?"

"A month!" scoffed Leonard. "Nobody could keep one a whole month." But she only smiled and waited.

Time went on. Again and again Sylvia, Laura, or Leonard would say coaxingly, "Bobby, are you perfectly sure you haven't broken your resolution yet?"

"Yes, perfectly sure," was always the steady, honest answer, which no one could refuse to accept. When January had given way to February and February was just slipping into March, when the children had almost forgotten to question him, Mrs. Hamilton showed them, one day, a finely illustrated copy of "Uncle Remus" and asked if that would not be a good prize for the well-kept resolution.

"Are you sure you haven't broken it yet?" asked Sylvia, gently, again; but Bobby was not offended at the question.

"Yes, perfectly sure, and I can keep it forever and ever and ever."

"Then tell us what it was, dear," said Sylvia again.

"Mother can read it off the paper," suddenly abashed, when he found that Aunt Hannah had entered the room and was listening.

So mother took from her pocket-book the tiny envelope, opened it, and read from the folded slip the famous resolution, printed in straight up and down letters:

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

By Robert Hamilton.

I am going to keep on a-trying.

A moment's silence, and then everybody applauded; while Bobby with flushed cheeks

went on putting together his dissected map as if he had nothing to do with the affair.

"That is the best resolution any of us can make, my boy," said Papa Hamilton, after a minute.

"Well, I can keep it all the year, anyhow, can't I, father?" said Bobby, appealingly.

Mother drew the small boy closer to her, and Sylvia said: "The book is yours all right, but next year the rest of us will make a resolution we can keep, too. You'll see."

"Folks can begin their new years when they like, Sylvia," said Aunt Hannah, very cheerfully for her. "You might play it's New Year's Day right now."

EMMA F. MAREAN,
in the Christian Register.

The Twelve Merchants.

Twelve merchants with their camels came
Across the deserts vast;
They knocked upon the gates of Time,
And through Life's city passed;
And they were laden with the wealth
Of countries far away;
With silks and myrrh of nobler worth
Than those of far Cathay.

Twelve merchants with their camels brought
Such gifts to you and me
Of joy and kindness, till it seemed
Life could no richer be;
And shall we let them go away,
Those merchants old and wise,
All empty-handed and forlorn,
With sadness in their eyes?

The merchants with their camels are
The months that make the year—
Oh, for the blessings that they bring,
The hope, and love, and cheer,
Let us give gladly in return
The best of all we are.
That, when these merchants go their ways,
They go in peace afar.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Rokugo's Ghost.

A Legend of the Samurai.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

In a certain quarter of Tokio there is a curious little tomb known as the "Tomb of Snow," and the story of its building is a queer one to American minds, although to the Japanese there is nothing funny in it.

One evening all the pupils of Master Sud were assembled to celebrate the New Year. On January 7th it is the custom for boys to get together and hold a "ghost party." Out in a dark little shed at the end of the garden were placed one hundred candles, each numbered: the boys in the house drew corresponding numbers, three or four each, turned down the lights, and proceeded to tell ghost stories.

As each story was finished, a boy had to pass through the dark garden, enter the shed, and bring back his candle. This was all very well for the first few; but, as it grew late, and the boys began to feel their hair standing on end, it was different. At least, so thought young Rokugo, a Samurai boy.

As this was a large party, he was dressed carefully, and wore the two swords which showed his rank. Presently it came to his turn, after a most unearthly story which

made his flesh creep. However, he summoned up a brave smile, shoved his toes into his *geta*, or clogs, and shuffled off to get his candle.

He had not gone far when he thought he heard a woman's voice, and his hair rose in fear. Although there was snow on the ground, he could see nothing and went on. He had almost reached the shed when suddenly he stood still, trembling, for there was a woman ghost before him! She wore beautiful clothes, decorated with pine and bamboo, and was beckoning to him distinctly, although she said nothing.

Rokugo was horror-struck for a moment, then suddenly he remembered his rank, and thought that this was an opportunity to distinguish himself notably. Seizing his sword, with one swift movement he struck and cut the ghost, head, body, and all, into halves.

Without waiting, he seized his candle, carried it back to the house, and proudly told his friends what had happened. He urged them to go and see for themselves, but it was some time before they ventured out. It was all very well to tell ghost stories in the house, but, when it came to really seeing one—well, that was different!

However, the whole party finally went out, leaving Rokugo alone. He waited for a moment, then was startled by a shout of laughter, and the other boys burst into the room with the news that his ghost had been nothing but the snow-man that they had built the day before!

All the rest of the evening poor Rokugo was joked about that snow-man, and, when the party broke up and he started home, he almost lost his temper. Snow had begun falling again, and, as he walked along, he was still thinking of ghosts. Finally, as he passed the Korinji Temple, he saw a woman through the falling snow: instantly she vanished!

Twice more this happened, and the third time the ghost spoke to him. "O samurai," she said, "did you think that you killed me, there in the garden?" The boy drew his sword, but she vanished.

Now, too late, Rokugo recollected that people said that sometimes an animal takes the form of a ghost woman, and, when that is the case, the real presence stands just beside the ghost. So, when the shape appeared again, he drew his sword and struck, not at the woman, but beside her. He felt his sword cleave through flesh, heard a shriek, and ran home.

Waking up his father and uncles, they came out with lanterns and accompanied him to the place. There they found an otter, cut in two! This made a hero out of Rokugo at once, for it was decided that the otter had appeared as a ghost woman, and that the boy had killed him! A great feast was held next day, all the other boys apologized to Rokugo when he told his story, and, in token of their repentance for having joked him about the snow-man, they erected the little tomb for the otter, which you may still see to-day in the Korinji Temple.

If a Japanese ever tells you the story, however, you must be careful not to insinuate that Rokugo's eyes deceived him, or that he was good at "making up a yarn." If you don't believe the story, you can go to Tokio and see the Snow Tomb! Doesn't that prove it?

Who has seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But, when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But, when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

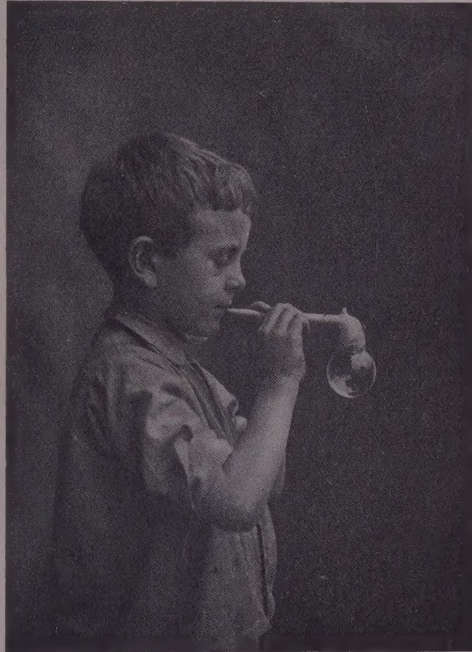


Photo by A. H. Goldsborough.

BUBBLES.

Blow, careless lad; your bubble world will break;
But power is yours another world to make.

The Secret of Joy.

It lies at the heart of an opening flower,
Yet one may seek it hour by hour,
And pass it by.

It sings in the wind at the tops of the trees,
Yet one may listen to every breeze,
Nor hear it sigh.

It shines where glancing waters meet,
Yet one may stoop delight to greet,
And rise unblessed.

It beams from eyes that deepest look,
And have read in God's open book,
And Him confessed.

But wind and flower and breaking sea
And happy eyes are naught to thee,
Who seek'st to gain.

Give, give thyself to every thing
That walks on earth or spreads a wing;
Give love, not pain.

So shall thy joy arise and grow,
So shall thy life fair blossom show,
As fields in rain.

Selected.

Playing Grandma.

BY E. L. HENDERSON.

Doris's favorite amusement was dressing up in a long skirt. When she could hear one trailing behind her, she at once forgot that she was a little girl and talked and acted in a very grown-up manner. One day she put on a long black skirt of her mother's and swept around the room, "playing lady." As she passed the open door of Grandma's room, a mischievous thought popped into her head. Grandma's shawl and bonnet lay on the bed, and on the dresser were the old glasses she had laid aside for new ones. In a few moments Doris had these all on and a bag of knitting-work on her arm. She walked back and forth in front of the mirror and felt sure that she looked very much like Grandma.

Mother was making calls, and Grandma was in the sitting-room, dozing in her chair, so there was no one to see the little Grandma. She went out and walked up and down the porch, but no one passed.

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed "I'll go down and call on Mrs. Dean."

She was very fond of visiting Mrs. Dean because, as she said, Mrs. Dean was so good at "playing pretend." When she had gone to call on her with her sick dolly, Mrs. Dean didn't laugh as some heartless people did, but asked all about the child's symptoms and told her just what remedies to try. She never spoiled a game of pretend.

Doris walked very slowly across the street and knocked at Mrs. Dean's door. "Why, it's Grandma Ward!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean as she opened the door. "Come in and take the easy-chair."

Doris seated herself and took out her knitting. Then Mrs. Dean asked about her rheumatism, and they talked about the weather and the family, and had a very pleasant visit.

At last Mrs. Dean said, "You sleep a great deal in your chair, do you not, Grandma?"

"Oh, yes," answered Doris, "it rests me."

"And I suppose the children never disturb you, do they?"

"Not much." Doris fidgeted a little as she answered, "Sometimes they forget."

"Oh, I am so sorry they forget," said Mrs. Dean, "for I know you never forget to do kind things for them. I notice they run to you when they are hurt, and that you are very kind about telling them stories."

It seemed to Doris that Mrs. Dean was almost too good about "playing pretend." "I think it looks like rain," she said, trying to change the subject; but Mrs. Dean clung to it.

"It worries me, Grandma," she said, "to think of your rest being disturbed because those children *will* forget. And they are such nice children in other ways."

"I don't think they'll forget so much any more," answered Doris. "They're getting older."

"Oh, I'm sure they won't," agreed Mrs. Dean. "Really nice children like them are always thoughtful of old people."

When Doris went home, Grandma was still dozing in her chair. "Come on, Doris," cried Georgie, running in and dragging a chair across the room, "let's play going away on the cars."

"Sh!" answered Doris. "Grandma is asleep, Georgie. We mustn't disturb her."

THE BEACON.

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The Snow Storm.

Still come the flakes of white,
Like blossoms pure and bright,
From heaven's great orchard trees,
Which feed no humming bees,
Borne by the wind which shook them from
their hold
Down on the hills, where flocks all seek their
fold.

All through the silent woods,
The trees with powdered hoods
And foreheads calm and fair
Are bowed like saints at prayer;
While leaning down are faded goldenrods,
With weight of spotless ermine from the gods.

J. H. HARTZELL.

From the Editor to You.

Mr. Lawrance, Dr. Starbuck, Miss Johnson, and Miss Buck wish for all *Beacon* readers a very happy New Year, filled with work and play and all that makes life blessed and beautiful.

What you get out of the New Year will depend on what you give to it. Give energy, and the will to try again when you fail, and you may expect to gain steadfastness and strength of character. Give a cheerful spirit, even when things go wrong, and you will find the days filled with gladness. When you are on tip-toe with expectation, eager to receive all that the year can bring, you will receive largely of God's bounty. When you are in earnest to do your part, you will be among those who are "looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God."

Did you enjoy our double Christmas number? You will make our hearts glad if you tell us so. We are planning to give you more and better things in the next few weeks. The girls will like a story of California, "The Old Songs," which will begin in the first number in January. We think a good many boys will read it, too. That will be followed by the best serial we have published by Mabel E. Merrill, describing a winter camp and the exciting times the boys and girls had in the deep snow. We are soon to tell you about the oldest boys' club in the world, and give you some pictures of the boys themselves in their sports and camps. Next week there will be much in *The Beacon* about an English blacksmith who became a famous Unitarian minister,—Dr. Robert Collyer, a man all our readers, old and young, will be glad to hold in loving remembrance.

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF
BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

The holiday season brings many suggestions from our Sunday schools concerning ways of service to those less fortunate than ourselves. This letter is one of several that have been received which tell of ways of working in one Southern field.

WAVERLEY, MASS., Dec. 1, 1912.

To The Beacon Club:

Through Mrs. Peterson, Mr. Edwards, our superintendent, obtained the names of some girls and boys in North Carolina.

A number of us send down our *Beacons* and write to them, each having his own correspondent. We receive very interesting replies.

They have so few opportunities to secure reading matter that they enjoy and appreciate *The Beacon* more than we who have the benefit of public libraries, and who live near such a city as Boston with its educational advantages.

I think this a good idea, inasmuch as it brings so much enjoyment for the smallness of trouble.

A MEMBER OF THE
WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We are hoping to enlarge *The Beacon*, and make it so useful to the members of our schools that they will want to read it even if they have city libraries to furnish reading for their entertainment and delight.

The Book Table.

Little Talks with Mothers of Little People.
By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

The talks begin at the inevitable point of the physical care and training of the baby. But, from the first, the mother's attitude of mind is emphasized as having an influence on the baby's developing life. Later chapters deal largely with the moral training of the child. One may not always agree with the author, but the reader cannot fail to be stimulated by the suggestions relating to the daily life of mother and children. The closing chapter is a timely plea for training in reverence, and for the home influence upon children concerning their relation to church and Sunday school.

[Dana Estes & Co., publishers, Boston.
Cloth, 12mo, 265 pages. Price, \$1.25 net.]

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 9, 2, 4, 17, is a fleet of ships.
My 1, 12, 5, 7, is a part of the body.
My 8, 13, 9, is a kind of vase.
My 6, 15, 11, 12, 3, is a large stream.
My 10, 16, is a pronoun.
My 14, 16, 3, 12, 12, 16, is a place of travel.
My *whole* is an institution of learning.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

ENIGMA XXIV.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 12, 25, 8, 26, 17, is a synonym for a banquet.
My 1, 22, 20, 26, 11, 8, is an inferior kind of cinamon.
My 3, 15, 16, 21, is a portable house or shelter.
My 7, 2, 18, 9, 25, is a small fly.
My 10, 5, 23, 15, 20, is a day in the Roman Calendar.
My 6, 8, 23, 24, 4, is a flighty notion.
My 19, is a vowel.
My 7, 13, 14, 22, is a mineral.
My *whole* is a popular name for the Capital of the United States.

HENRY A. JENKS.

The Unitarian Church has just lost by death an eminent preacher, a great man, Dr. Robert Collyer. Our next number will tell you something of his life and work. The following letter is from a member of the Sunday school in the church in Chicago of which Dr. Collyer was minister for many years.

Dear Miss Buck,—Unity Church Sunday School is where I attend. Our school, though small, is divided into three classes. I am in the intermediate class, in which we are studying Bible stories out of Dr. Moulton's, "Children's Series of Modern Readers Bible Stories." We have had from the story of "The Creation of the Earth" up to the story of Moses. We all love our Sunday school very much and wish we might find more friends to join us and get its benefit. I want you to know I also love *The Beacon* very much.

I am your friend

ALMA CRAMER.

DEC. 3, 1912.

We are much pleased, Alma, that you enjoy *The Beacon*, and hope you will find it more interesting and helpful every week.

Next week you may look for letters from the boys who have joined our Club.

CHANGED VOWELS.

I.

1. A receptacle.
Change the vowel and have (2) to ask.
Change again and have (3) possessing magnitude.
Change again and have (4) a marsh.
Change again and have (5) an insect.

II.

1. A sort of dough.
Change the vowel and have (2) improved.
Change again and have (3) a property of quinine.
Change again and have (4) a common but expensive article of food.
Change again and add one letter and have (5) an article useful to writers.

A. D. S.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a soft cake and leave a solid: behead again and leave a numeral adjective.
2. Behead to locate, and leave work made of threads: behead again and leave a card.
3. Behead a particle of fire and leave an enclosure: behead again and leave a noted object in Bible history.
4. Behead to speak wickedly and leave to use: behead again and leave a part of the body.
5. Behead a small branch and leave a conceited person: behead again and leave to dress up.
6. Behead crossed with stripes and leave put away: behead again and leave aid.

J. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. II.

ENIGMA XIX.—Christopher Columbus.

ENIGMA XX.—Captain John Smith.

ZIGZAG.—

GRACE
ARDOR
SHAKE
PRIDE
CLANG
SMIRK
TWINE
UNDER
DECOY

HIDDEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Piano, banjo, zither, mandolin, drum, lyre, horn, spinet, 'cello.

A CHARADE.—But-ton-hole.

Answers to the puzzles in No. 8 were received from Charlotte Louise Johnson, Montclair, N.J., and an algebraic solution of "Generous George's Peaches" was sent by Leland Stone of Otter River, Mass.